

DELL

# Annie Oakley

and Tagg



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Publishers of Dell Comics

FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE CHIEF AIR PATROL  
AND FOR HIS SUPPORTIVE EFFORTS IN BEHALF  
OF THE INTERESTS OF American traffic.

十一

BRUNO GÖTTSCHE, LUCAS V. BERN, THOMAS  
HARPER, CHRISTIAN HÜGEL, AND PETER  
KLEINER, IN THE PICTURE, IN POCHE



Mr. George T. DeLoach, Jr., publisher of *Bell Company Advertising*, the *Bell Ad Award* contest for Outstanding Sales Service to Women from Major General Louis V. Herse, USAF. The award was presented in recognition of Mr. DeLoach's contribution of the Bell Company line as a place and way for some children's art entries to be exhibited. Left to right: Col. DeLoach, F. Herse, USAF, Deputy Commander USAF; Major General Louis V. Herse, USAF Commander USAF; George T. DeLoach, Jr., Mrs. John J. Loran, Mrs. Ann USAF, and Col. C. Herse, USAF.

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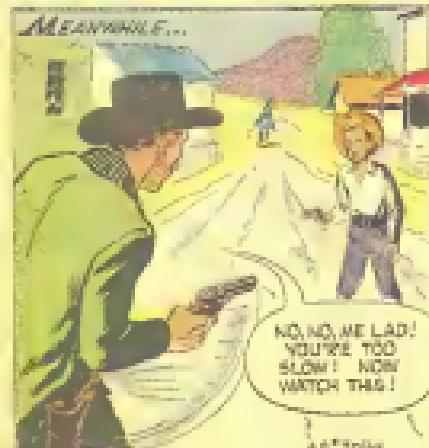
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# Annie Oakley

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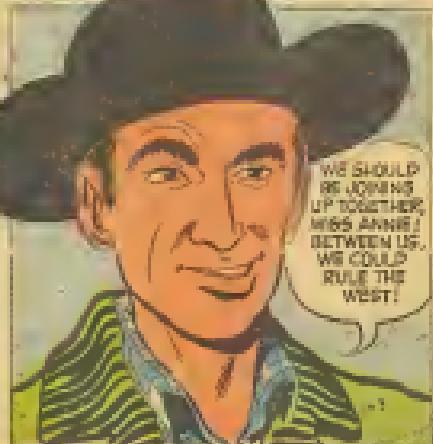
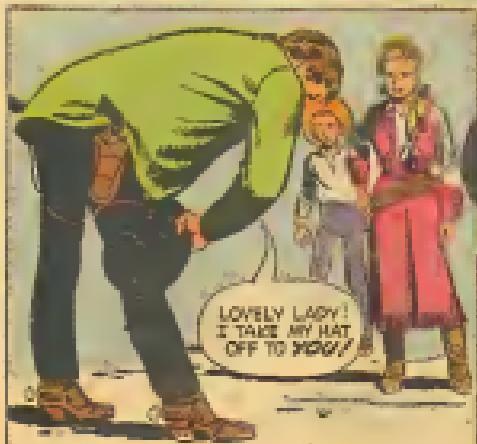
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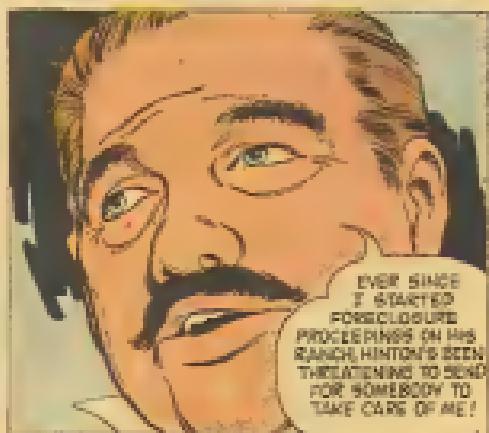
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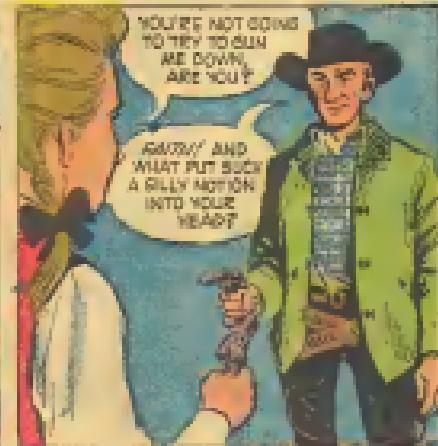
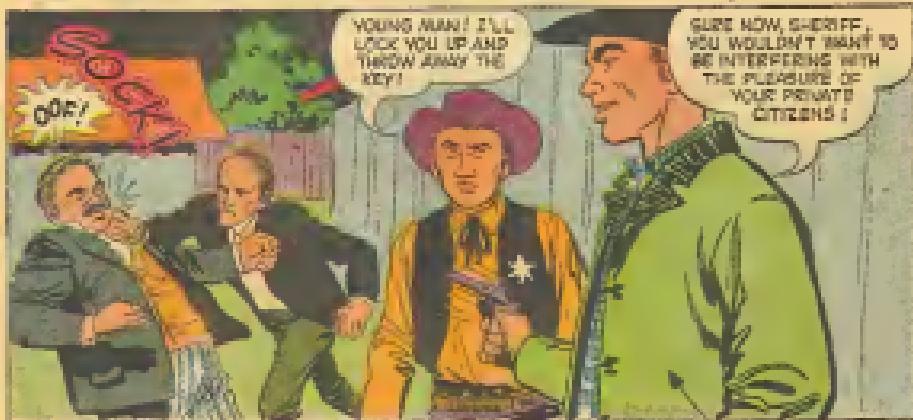


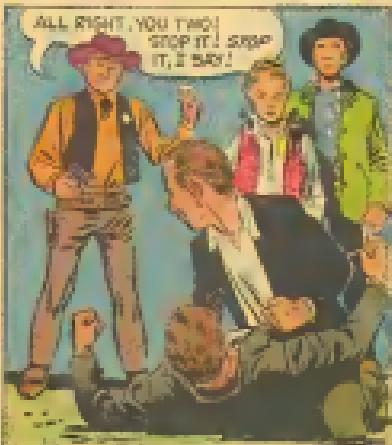






















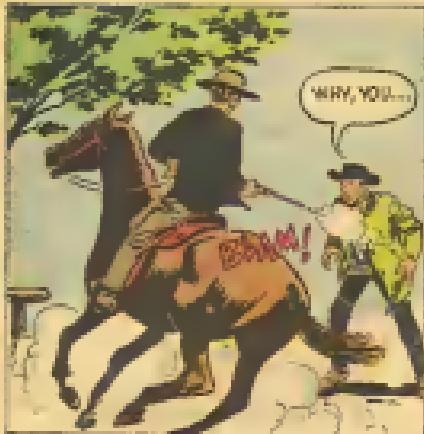


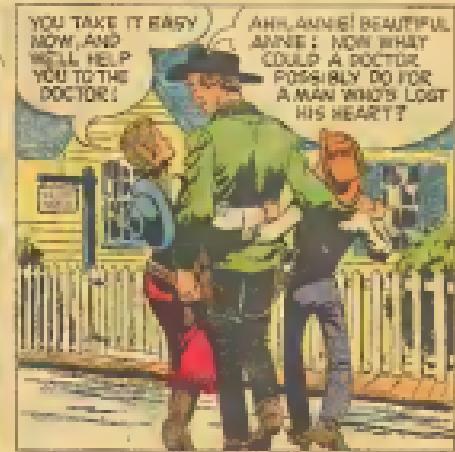
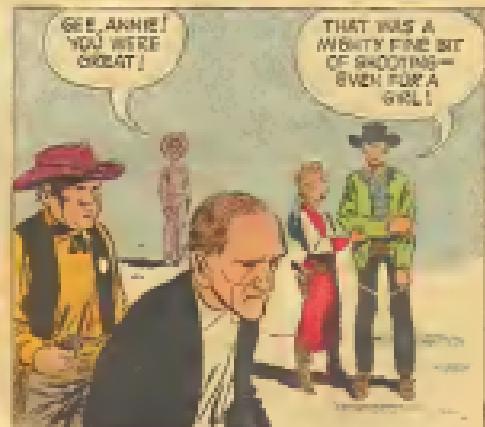
IT SEEMS YOU'RE  
MIGHTY ANXIOUS  
TO BE FINISHING THIS  
JOB ON JIMMY!



DON'T LISTEN  
TO HIM,  
SHERIFF!







# THE TEN-GOAL COMANCHE

Illustrated by W. H. Dugay

Although his face gave no hint, Crooked Nose was overawed. The crowds, the rattling horsecars, the towering three-story buildings of the New York City of 1915, left him completely dazed.

Crooked Nose, himself, was hardly less sensational to the citizens, as he and Andy Morgan herded the ten nervous horses from the railroad station to the stables at the Polo Grounds. He rode his favorite buffalo horse, an un-muscled, leopard-spotted Appaloosa. His hawk-nosed mahogany face, his glossy braids and scalplock with the single eagle feathers, created a swirl of excitement.

The train up from the Oklahoma ranch had been a succession of wonders for Crooked Nose. The ranch belonged to Andy Morgan, who had once rescued Crooked Nose from death. They had become blood brothers by ancient Comanche ceremony.

Last fall, Andy's old college friend, Devvereau Millbank, had visited the ranch and become enthusiastic over the roping and cutting horses. He told Andy they would make ideal polo ponies, bought ten of them, and arranged for Andy to bring them East. Andy brought Crooked Nose along, mostly for the sensation the Comanche would produce among the New Yorkers.

At the Polo Grounds the horses were stabled and Dev Millbank, Andy and Crooked Nose stood watching a practice game among the Westchester Blues. "Good game!" thought Crooked Nose. "Horses colliding, men whacking with club! Shimmy on horseback!"

Andy turned to Millbank. "You got some good boys there," he said. "But Comanche buffalo runners would make them look like women on plow horses! You ever see a Comanche ride when he meant business?"

Dev snarled. "I guess they're good enough, chasing buffalo, but you don't know this game, Andy! The fast stops, the sharp turns... your aborigine here wouldn't have a chance! Why, he doesn't even use saddle or bridle!"

Andy colored. "Listen! Crooked Nose has seen enough to catch onto the game. I'll bet you a dinner that, right now, he can take that ball through\*your whole team by himself!"

Dev said, "Andy, you must have been

kicked in the head!" Andy was already talking to Crooked Nose in Comanche. The Indian's eyes began to glint.

Andy handed him a mallet as he lithely mounted the buffalo pony, Dev breathlessly explained to the four defending Blues, concluding with, "Don't ride him off too hard, boys! Andy'll buy the dinner!" Grinning, they took position as Dev tossed the ball into the middle of the field.

Crooked Nose squirmed with his knees. The pony leaped into a run. The Comanche brought the mallet down in a bell-arm swing. Its head struck the turf a foot behind the ball. The handle broke off two feet from the head as the pony swept past. Andy groaned. A shout of laughter went up from the players.

Without slowing, Crooked Nose knifed the pony into a great sweeping circle. Just ahead of the broken mallet, he hooked his left foot over the withers and both-hands free, swang head down. Nearly, he picked it from the ground. Still head down, he gathered in the ball with little but two-handed strokes, nursing it along almost under the flying hooves.

A rider charged to intercept, hooking for the ball. Crooked Nose tapped it under the pony, slid over the pony's back and, bridle sweeping the ground, whacked it on the left.

A Blue, cutting in from the side, got a smart rap on the knee from the short mallet, and pulled away, howling. The third man could not match the speed of the spotted pony. Only one player on a big horse, blocked the way, directly in front of the goal.

Crooked Nose swerved not an inch. Ten feet from the approaching rider, he gave the ball a solid whack, then, in one fluid motion, swung upright and hunched over the pony's neck. His heels thumped its ribs. The pony laid its ears back, bared yellow teeth and hit the big horse like a freight train running wild.

Whooping Comanche, hoope and willow ball swept between the goal posts together.

Later in the clubhouse, Millbank seemed still dazed. He said, "He'd have a ten-goal handicap anywhere in the world!" Then, suddenly elated, "Man! Let's take him to Meadowbrook! We can take those Long Island stuffed shirts for everything they've got!"

THERE GOES SHERIFF TAYLOR! WHERE'S HE  
HEADED IN THIS WEATHER?

PUNKIN! BUT HE'S  
BUNDLED UP PLENTY WARM! LOOKS LIKE  
HE PLANS TO BE OUT ON THE TRAIL FOR A  
WHILE!

# The UNWRITTEN CODE

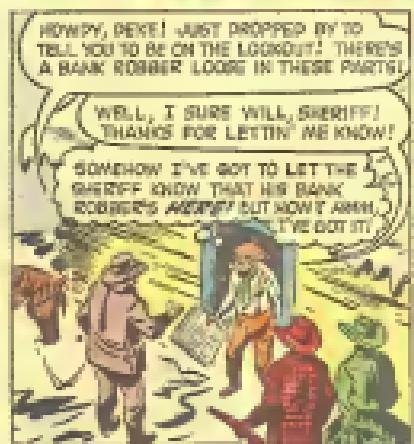
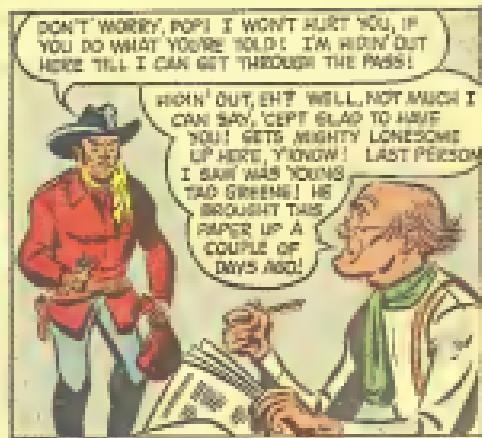
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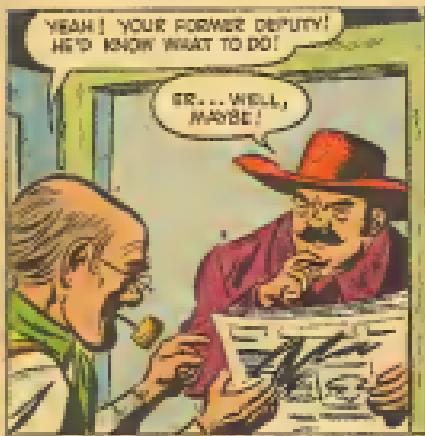
AAA-CH! I WAS JUST PLANNING  
TO PASS THROUGH THIS BURG! BUT  
THIS LOOKS LIKE AN OPPORTUNITY  
I SHOULDN'T PASS UP!

WITH THE SHERIFF OUT OF TOWN, THE BANK  
OUGHTA BE EASY PICKIN'S! ... THE STREETS  
CLEAR, TOO!



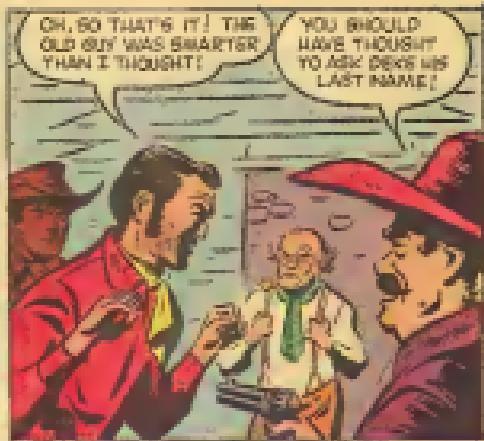
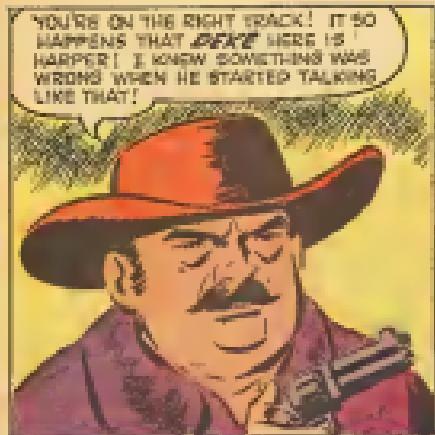






THEY'RE RIDING AWAY! BUT I STILL GOT A FEELING YOU  
TIPPED 'EM OFF SOMEHOW! I'M GONNA...





**Annie  
akley**

## THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Further, what's the  
answer on this?

I AM STRETCHIN' THEM TO  
THE LIMIT NOW, JOHN!



THEY'RE TRYING TO  
SELL US? THE SCENE  
TO USE THE STILETTO

DEAR ORGANIC ONLY EAT  
CAREFUL, WILL YOU PLEASE?

2 - I CAN'T GET  
RIGHT/TIME -  
WEDDING IS  
TOMORROW

HERE, TAKE THE REMS  
AND GIVE ME THE SUG-

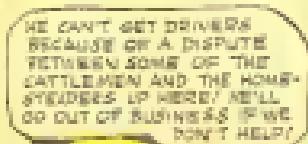


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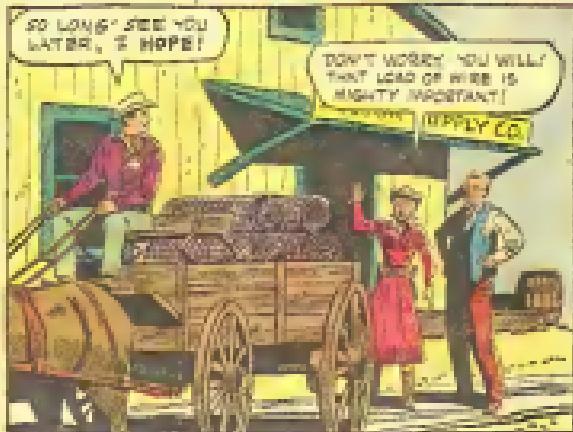
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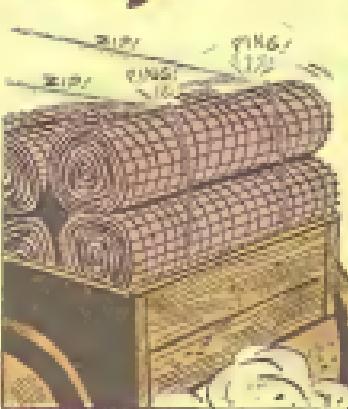
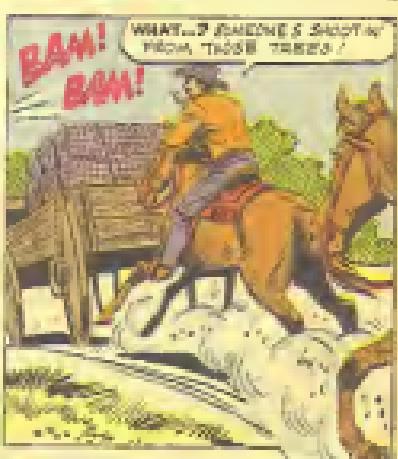
### WHO'S THAT?











GOOD SHOOTING, ANNIE! NOW I SEE WHY YOU  
WANTED THAT LOAD OF TIGHTLY-BOILED WIRE  
ABOARD THE WAGON!

I WAS BORING TALKED TO THE TRUCK, WHICH  
I WANTED TO WAIT TILL THEY GOT CLOSE TO  
THE HOGGON BEFORE SHOOTING THROUGH  
THE STRANDS OF WIRE!



AN' WHAT HAPPENED?  
THAT WIRE? IT... IT...

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT  
IT LATER! JUST KEEP  
YOUR HALES UP HIGH!



A LITTLE LATER, HEADED BACK TOWARD TOWN...

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO  
TURN THESE GUYS OVER  
TO THE SHERIFF! THEY'VE  
TOUCH HOMERIES!

THEY LOOK LIKE THE JOHN  
DRIES WHO ATTACKED  
JOH AND KENNY! MAYBE  
THEY'D BE THE ONES  
WHO DO ALL THE DATING!



COULD BE! BUT, SOMEHOW, I'VE  
GOT A FEELING THERE'S A  
MASTERMIND BEHIND THIS!



LATER, IN TOWN...

WELL, THOSE THREE JASPERIN ARE  
IN JAIL FOR A WHILE! BUT THE  
SHERIFF GUYS HE KNOWS THEM!  
THEY'D JUST TOWN RULLIES THAT  
KICK OUT AS GUNNIES!

THEN SOMEONE IS  
PAYING THEM OFF  
TO RAID MY WAGON!



A CLEVER DEDUCTION,  
MR. NELSON! HOW DID YOU GET  
THE HANDS UP FAST?

OH—WHAT IF  
I FEED BICKENS!

THAT'S RIGHT, NELSON!  
AND I JUST GOT WORD  
ABOUT THE LITTLE  
TRICK YOU PLAYED  
ON MY MEN. I

SO YOU'RE THE ONE BEHIND  
THIS! YOU HEARD THOSE MEN  
TO DO YOUR DIRTY WORK!  
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S TRYING  
TO DRIVE OUT THE HOMESTEADERS!  
I DON'T KNOW IT!  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN—YOU'VE  
GOT THE BIGGEST RANCH IN THE  
STATE!



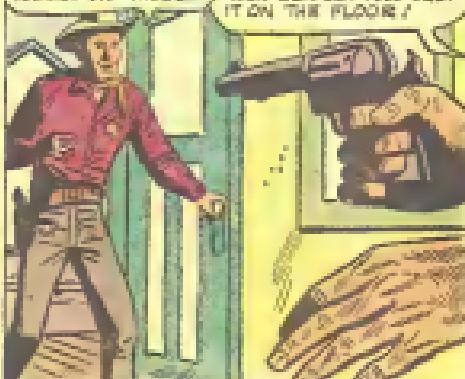
YOU'RE PRETTY SMART,  
BUT NO ONE WILL EVER  
KNOW ABOUT IT! TROW  
DOWN YOUR GUN! ONE  
FALSE MOVE AND THE  
OLD HORN GETS IT!  
YOU, NELSON, TIE  
THEM UP TIGHTLY!

MINUTES LATER...



I'M LOOKING FOR  
ANNIE! DID THOSE

HOLD IT, MISTER! EASE  
YOUR GUN OUT AND DROP  
IT ON THE FLOOR!



THIS IS GETTIN' TO  
BE QUITE A PARTY!

I DON'T GET IT!  
WHAT'S GOING ON?



HEY, ALL OF YOU SIT IN THE BED OF THAT WAGON! I'VE GOT A SPECIAL WAY TO GET RID OF YOU! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, DICKENS!



HEY PLUG US FOR THAT'S EIGHTY-KEEP DICKENS SURE IF WE YELL ON YOUR ROPEY MAYBE WE CAN GET LOOSE BEFORE HE HAS TIME TO CARRY OUT HIS PLAN!



WHERE ARE YOU, DICKENS? ENJOY THE RIDE, NELSON—IT'LL BE YOUR LAST! WE'RE HEADING FOR DEVIL'S CLIFF!



THE HORSES WON'T HAVE TIME TO STOP WHEN THEY REACH BLIND CURVE... AND OVER YOU'LL GO! THEN NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO STOP ME FROM GETTING THOSE NESTERS OUT!



THIS IS WHERE I LEAVE YOU! HAVE A GOOD TRIP!





DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS.



MINUTES LATER ...

LET'S GET THIS WHEEL BACK ON, TADS, AND HEAD BACK TO TOWN!

BOY, THIS WHEEL TURNED OUT TO BE OUR LUCKY WHEEL!



IT WASN'T PURE LUCK, THOUGH. I NEVER DREAMED IT WOULD HAPPEN UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, THOUGH!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CLIFF?



WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IMPETUOUS MY KIDS ARE! I WAS AFRAID THEY'D TAKE THAT WAGON AGAIN...

SO I LOOSENED THE NUT ON THE WHEEL JUST ENOUGH SO THEY WOULDN'T GET VERY FAR!



THE NEXT DAY ...

THEY SURE BURNED THE NIGHT TO DOME FOR YOU, CLIFF! THEY'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE!

EIGHT, ANNIE! BUT KNOWING THOSE KIDS, I WONDER IF THEY'LL ENJOY THE RIDE WITH NO RAIDERS TO LOOK FORWARD TO!



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